



The chimpanzee is found only in Africa, where it ranges from the west coast, across the equatorial forest belt, to a point just east of the Lake. Here, in the remote, mountainous and rugged Gombe National Park of Tanzania live

Jane Goodall had found her life's work. And on arrival at Gumbo she found too "the sort of African forest of which I had always dreamed . . . giant buttressed trees festooned with lianas and, here and there, brilliant red or white flowers that gleamed through

For months, as she learned to find her way through seemingly impenetrable jungle and became familiar with the Gombé's valleys and mountains, she saw little of the chimps, for usually her approach was the signal for their hasty and alarmed retreat. Then one day she came upon an open peak about a thousand feet above the Lake, with a superb view over a valley. It became *the Peak*, "the very best vantage point for watching chimpanzees in the whole

Chimpanzees wander in search of food, and it was the fruiting of palm trees that first brought a stray chimp—one whom she knew as David Greybeard—into her camp site by the Gumbo Stream. After this bananas were left out for any more who chanced by—and in time the chimps

Meanwhile Hugo van Lawick had joined her as her expedition official photographer—they were in fact to marry early in 1964—and over the years nurse members were recruited to the team. By the end of the Sixties her camp had become the Gombe Stream Research Centre, of which she was the Scientific Director, with ten or more students studying different aspects of chimpanzee behaviour.

FLO AND HER CHILDREN

continued from preceding page

that Fifi pulled her infant brother away from Flo. As time passed, Flo became accustomed to the arms of his sibling and so she was able to hold him for longer and longer before he uttered the tiny sound that, for the next nine months, would bring Flo hastening to his rescue. Flo even permitted Fifi to carry him when the family wandered through the forests.

One day, when Flint was just under five months old, Flo got up to go and, instead of pressing Flint to her belly, took his arm in one hand and hoisted him over her shoulder on to her back. There he remained for a few days before he slipped down and clung to her arm.

For a short distance Flo continued, with Flint gripping around her elbow, and then she pushed him back under her tummy. But the next day, when Flo arrived in camp, Flint was clinging precariously to her back, hanging on to her sparse hair with his hands and feet.

After this Flint nearly always rode on Flo's back or else dangled beside her whilst she walked the mountains; this was not surprising, for all infants, after a certain age, start riding their mothers rather than clinging on beneath. But we were astonished to see that Fifi, when next we saw her take Flint, also tried to push him on to her back. This was surely an example of learning by direct observation of her mother's behaviour.

IT WAS ABOUT THE SAME time as Flint began to ride on Flo's back that we first saw him take a step by himself. For some weeks previously he had been able to stand on the ground balanced on three limbs and clinging to Flo's hair with one hand; and occasionally he had taken a couple of steps in this manner.

On this particular morning he suddenly let go of Flo and stood by himself, all four limbs on the ground. Then, very deliberately, he lifted one hand off the ground, moved it forward safely, and paused. He lifted a foot off the ground, lurched sideways, staggered and fell on his nose with a whimper. Instantly Flo reached out and scooped him into her arms.

But that was the beginning. Each day after that Flint walked one or two steps farther, but for months he was incredibly wobbly. Constantly he got his hands and feet muddled up and fell—and always Flo was quick to gather him up. Often, indeed, she kept one hand under his tummy as he tottered along.

Just after he began to walk Flint began to try to climb. One day we saw him standing upright, holding on to a tiny sapling with both hands, and gripping it first with one foot and then the other. But he never managed to get both feet off the ground at once, and after a few moments he fell backwards on to the ground. Subsequently he repeated this performance several times, and Flo, as she groomed him, idly held one hand behind his back, preventing further tumbles.

A week after his first attempt Flint was able to climb a short way quite easily. Like

a human child he found it much harder to get down by himself, but Flo, of course, was very watchful—as indeed was Fifi—and one or other of his guardians reached to rescue him the moment he gave his soft whimper. Flo was usually quick to seize him if she saw any sign of social excitement or aggression amongst other members of the group.

When Flint tottered up to one of the adult males—David, or Goliath, or Mike—they would usually reach out and, time and again, pat Flint or gently embrace him. And, as the weeks went by, Flint, like a spoilt human child, wanted more and more attention.

One day as he wobbled up to Mr McGregor, the old male got up and moved away. It was not, I think, deliberate—it just happened that he was about to leave. Flint stopped dead, staring with widening eyes at the male's retreating rear; and then, stumbling along with frantic haste, falling again and again on his face, Flint followed. All the time he uttered his soft whimper. Within minutes Flo was rushing to retrieve him.

But that was only the start of it, and for the next few weeks Flint was always whimpering along after one or other of the adult males who had not deigned to stop and greet him or who had walked away from the infant for any reason whatsoever. Quite often the male concerned, uneasy perhaps at the little calls following in his wake, stopped or turned back to pat Flint.

When Flint was one year old he was still wobbly on his legs, but he was quick to bounce towards any game that was in progress, and eager to hurry over to greet any newcomer that joined his group. He was, in fact, beginning to take part in the social life of his community.

DURING THE SIX YEARS since Flint and Goliath were born, twenty healthy infants have been born to our group (including another Flame, to old Flo) and, although some of them died before they were a year old, our observations on them and their mothers have taught us much.

Babies of under five months are normally protected by their mothers from all contact with other chimpanzees except their own siblings. True infants, from the age of three months onwards, often reach out to other chimps sitting close by, but usually their mothers pull their hands quickly away.

Like human children, chimpanzee children are dependent on their mothers for several years. Most youngsters continue to suckle and sleep with them for over four years and, though they ride less and less often on their mothers, they are quick to jump aboard at any sign of excitement in the group or some other danger until they are four or even five years old.

During this period of dependence the infant gradually masters his physical environment: he learns to move easily and rapidly over the ground and through the trees, and he becomes increasingly skilful in his manipulation of objects—such as branches and twigs whilst he is feeding and nest-making.



Flo's family, from left: Faben (born about 1953) and Figan (about 1956), her older sons; Flo herself; Fifi, now also a mother; Flint (1964) and Flame (1969)

Flint first attempted to make a nest—though not, of course, in a tree, as it should be—when he was ten months old. He bent a little twig over and sat on it on the ground in the approved manner. Then he bent a handful of grass stems on to his lap. After this I sometimes saw him trying to make nests as he dangled in mid-air, heading down twigs and attempting to hold them under him with his feet as he reached for more.

During the next few months Flint became more and more proficient and, like other year-old infants, he often made a nest whilst he was playing around by himself in a tree. Sometimes he lay in it for a short while, but more often he just bounced around in it, often breaking it apart and then, after a few minutes, making another.

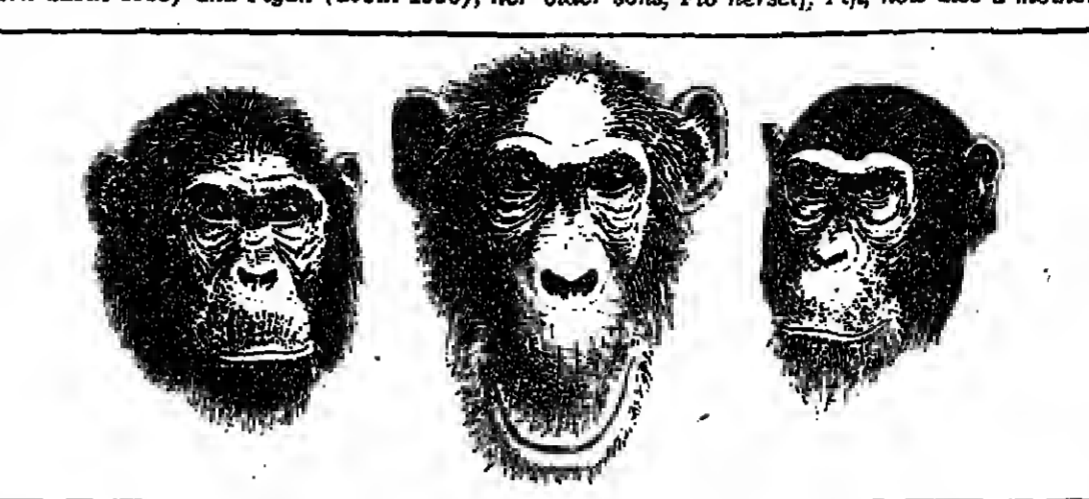
This constant practising means that when a youngster is four or five years old and ready to sleep on his own he is skilled in nest-making techniques. It is the same with the use of twigs and sticks for insect-eating: infants play with and poke about with such materials long before they are interested in using them for the serious business of feeding.

Human infants, by and large, learn to toddle and climb the stairs and feed themselves with a spoon much more readily than they learn to heave in the well-mannered way required of them by most grown-ups.

Quite often a small child shows a remarkable lack of perception of the mood of his elders; when he has been hanging the table with a tin plate for minutes on end, his mother may have to tell him repeatedly to stop, or snatch the plate away, or smack him before he recognises her irritation. When his father is clogged in a hook, the child may persistently try to attract his attention, despite the fact that his only rewards are stern glances and angry demands for quiet.

Such behaviour is sometimes labelled deliberate naughtiness; yet we see the same sort of thing occurring in chimpanzee society. Chimpanzee infants can walk and climb before they start to use most of the submissive gestures of the adult community system during interactions with their elders, and they, too, during the first year of life, show a surprising lack of perception as to the mood of their elders.

At this time it is the chimpanzee mother who must keep a watchful eye not only on her child but also on the other individuals around them. Some



Oly's family: son Evered (about 1955), timid Oly, and Gilka (1961)

mothers appear to be over-cautious, and repeatedly "rescue" their infants from situations which do not seem to be dangerous at all. I remember, when Oly's daughter Gilka was just a two-year-old, how excited she always was on the rare occasions when her mother remained, for a while, in a high group where there were a number of adult males.

Like a little human girl showing off in front of a circle of grown-ups, Gilka would stand upright, swinging her arms and stamping her feet, or prancing round and round. If she approached one of the males he usually responded by reaching out to pat her or to tickle her in the most tolerant way possible; yet Oly

nearly always hurried up, panting and nervously, touched the male submissively, and took Gilka away.

It was even worse, so far as Oly was concerned, when Gilka tried to initiate play with a mature male. Most males responded readily enough to her cheerful advances but, as soon as Oly noticed, she hurried up and either took Gilka away or began to groom the male so that, quite often, his attention was distracted from her child. Yet on none of these occasions was any of the males showing signs of aggressive behaviour.

Young chimpanzees spend a great deal of time playing. Indeed, when they are two or three years old it often seems that they do little else. Play is a much argued about cate-

gory of behaviour in scientific circles: what is it? what is its function? how should it be defined?

Perhaps some of the arguments have arisen because in human children two entirely different types of activity are labelled "play". The two-year-old who, with intense concentration, builds ten blocks into a tower, is said to be playing with his bricks. It is a completely different sort of behaviour to that shown by the same child when he toddles round the sofa, shrieking with laughter, whilst his father crawls after him.

The infant chimpanzee who tries, again and again, to hend a branch under him for a nest or who attempts to catch a termite with a minute and totally inadequate piece of grass, is probably performing behaviour that is equivalent to tower-building in the human child. But most of the activity which, in chimpanzees, we refer to as playful, is of the romping, laughing type shown by the human child when he is chased or tickled.

Young chimps often play by themselves when no playmates are available, swinging about in a tree, jumping over the same gap on to the same spry branch time after time, somersaulting or gambolling on the ground. Mostly, however, they like to play with each other, chasing round and round a tree-trunk; leaping, one after the other, through the tree-tops; dangle, each from one hand, while they spar and hit at each other; playfully biting or hitting or tickling each other as they wrestle on the ground.

Whether or not scientists ever agree as to the function of play, it certainly does serve, for one thing, to make the growing youngster familiar with his environment. He learns, during play, which type of branch is safe to jump on to and which will break, and he practises gymnastic skills, such as leaping down from one branch and catching another

the pink swellings of female. I remember Flint struggling to reach a female in this way almost before he could walk. Once he did get to her, made repeated attempts to mount her as she reclined on the ground. At that time I was astonished, but subsequently became clear that this was normal behaviour for a male infant, although, to be sure, Flint was somewhat forward.

During the chimpanzee youngster's fourth year a very tolerant atmosphere which, up to this time, he has been nurtured, gradually begins to change. His sessions become rougher and wilder, and older chimpanzees are quicker to threaten him if he behaves incautiously. This is the time, too, when most youngsters are actually weaned, and weaning can be a very trying business indeed, lasting, in some cases, for over a year.

I was at the Gombe Stream for several months during 1969 when my own child was on the way and also during the following year when he was with a tiny baby. I watched chimpanzee mothers cope with their infants with a new perspective.

From the start, Hugo had been impressed with many of their techniques and made a deliberate resolve to apply some of these to the raising of our own child. We determined to give our baby a great deal of physical contact, affection and play. He was breast-fed, more or less demand, for a year. He was left to scream in his crib.

Wherever we went we took him with us so that though his environment was often changing, his relationship with his parents remained stable. When we punished him quickly gave him reassurance through physical contact, which he was small, we tried to do that rather than simply prevent him from doing something naughty.

As he grew older it became increasingly necessary, course, to temper chimpanzee techniques with our own common sense—after all, we were dealing with a human, not a chimpanzee, infant. Nevertheless, we tried not to punish for errors until he reached age when he could understand the reason behind the reprimand, and we continued to keep him with us and to give him frequent physical and mental reassurance.

Has our method of bringing him up been successful? I cannot say as yet. We can point out that today, at four years, he is obedient, extremely alert and lively, mixes well with other children and adults alike, is relatively fearless and thoughtful of others.

In addition, and quite contrary to the predictions of many of our friends, he is very dependent. But then, of course, he might have been like that anyway, even if he had brought him up in a quite different way.

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of growing up

Personal

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A human 'Lear'

DINBURGH THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

JOEY WEST is an enjoyable character. The general public, people who go to the theatre to have a good time, are likely to take a higher view of Robertson's Prospect Theatre production in the Assembly Hall than critics and professors. It is used in a bright, unvarying light, a bare stage, and though it lasts three and a half hours the performance is brisk throughout. It omphases a marathon race at a time, and both Mr West and the genre are as fresh at the end as at the beginning.

Mr Robertson has no new interventions to offer: only a conventionalism which the polished shining of his own clever touch, and on its own terms, is a much more convincing and more convincing than the text, and before very long we use, perhaps to our surprise, that text is actually rather good.

Lear's unhappy fate when he and his wife, Goneril, are left alone, is a pathetic and pathetic thing, and the threat to do nothing is truly unnerving. In the main Mr West takes Lear when Lear calls upon the gods, it is evident that Mr West is really displeased, but the speech is not clear and bluster. The over-riding ruin that comes upon Lear in this production with the peevishness of Cordelia. Lear's family to play a game of love, and Cordelia (Pina Keri) priggishly breaks it up. She is a public fool of her father, naturally she is incensed, this used hot temper then fares up in his personal relationships, and the it is misery and death for practically everybody, good and bad alike. Lear is often regarded as a human play, a view that has many actors to try to make it up into grandiose proportions, many dreary stages. The Prospect production is not superhuman, but

human. The gods and titans have departed, and only men and women of normal size remain. The main is a comedy, for we have a shrewy feeling that this sort of thing is not remote on some cloud-capped mountain top in a fabled country, not remote at all; it might happen to any of us. We are all in danger.

The Young Vic, under Frank Dunlop's direction, is presenting a modernised version of A Comedy of Errors at the Haymarket Theatre, with the action set in Edinburgh instead of Greece. It has many novelties, a real motor car and a real bicycle, and many jokes. One of Shakespeare's interminable speeches is interrupted by someone saying "Piss off." Angelo the assessor smacking kisses to most of the other males in the play, and Adriana is propelled into a privy, while Dr Pinch washes his clothes in the water in a water-chest. Edward Fox is engagingly bewildered as the twin from London, and Denise Coffey makes Adriana into a splendidly flustered and indignant Scottish housewife. A gentleman in a kilt urges us all to sing "I love a lassie," there are a few very entertaining local jests, and inside the tent in which the audience is seated the atmosphere is cheerful and full of colour. But it is a "Comedy of Errors" which has more errors than comedy.

My standard in these matters was set by the late and great Billy Danvers at the Queen's Theatre in Barnstaple. Beaming with innocent delight, Mr Danvers, immaculately morning-suited, described a fashionable wedding. All the best pots were in the sauce, he said, adding, "some with handles to their names." But the audience thought of were not the social lions of North Devon. Once this had been put into their minds it was impossible for Danvers to make even the most innocuous remark without its having some dreadful double meaning. Improperly proliferated in every sentence, and this is what should have happened in "A Comedy of Errors" from the moment that Miss Coffey showed a shocked, unseemly interest in a crumpling, unsmiling underling. But the joke had no progression, no increase. For most of the time the Edinburgh scene was virtually forgotten, and the jokes became isolated instead of integrated and self-creating. With L. L. Caragiale's "Carnival Scenes" and George Buchner's "Lear and Lena," both at the Lyceum, the Bulandra Theatre from Bucharest have won a high regard in the official Festival. The Buchner play about a prince bored with the appalling task of doing nothing, and romantically inspired by a princess, is presented as if by strolling players on a platform set up on a bare stage, but "Carnival Scenes" is firmly, even gruesomely, realistic. It is a farce about unfaithful lovers and mistaken identities, and the action takes place in a crumbling barbers' shop. The most amusing character is a young man with toothache whose pain disappears as soon as he sees the forces. Florian



Liam Harrow (right) plays Desdemona in John Barton's production of "Othello" with 19th century designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman (centre). It opens at Stratford on Thursday with Breckner Mason as Othello

notten, and the jokes became isolated instead of integrated and self-creating. With L. L. Caragiale's "Carnival Scenes" and George Buchner's "Lear and Lena," both at the Lyceum, the Bulandra Theatre from Bucharest have won a high regard in the official Festival. The Buchner play about a prince bored with the appalling task of doing nothing, and romantically inspired by a princess, is presented as if by strolling players on a platform set up on a bare stage, but "Carnival Scenes" is firmly, even gruesomely, realistic. It is a farce about unfaithful lovers and mistaken identities, and the action takes place in a crumbling barbers' shop. The most amusing character is a young man with toothache whose pain disappears as soon as he sees the forces. Florian

Pitts, who was brought into the part apparently as a replacement at the last moment, proved to be the most rewarding actor on the stage. Buchner's in his gesticulation, his exuberance was founded on an anxious melancholy often characteristic of the best clowns. There is more than anxious melancholy in John McGrath's very impressive Wind in the Trees (3.34 Company, Cranston Street Hall). There is indeed the downright despair of a Left-wing visionary who sees all his ideals cracking. In Mr McGrath's sad and angry eyes Russia was long ago counted out; and now even the last leader—China—has been detected over the Bangle Dash. Just for a handful of dollars it left him: his sole and by no means robust hope is now the Viet Cong. Mr McGrath, like his

Oxford contemporary, David Cauter, is an intellectual; but, in his study of four left-wingers in bed-sitters, emotion keeps breaking in. Wind in the Trees is especially skilful in the parallel it draws between public and private sorrow. Mr McGrath's three girls and a man sing a litany of the world's evils: but they and the air they breathe are thick with treachery. Of the twelve disciples all save one were found faithful; in the crusading universe of Mr McGrath the incidence of betrayal is considerably higher. This is the spearhead of his argument, and the source of the desolation which is the aesthetic making of his play. There are fine performances by Elizabeth MacLennan, Deborah Norton, Gillian Hanna, and Victor Henry.

London

phones, television sets and other electro-mechanical bric-a-brac. Its inhabitants, alas, fall far short of this cluttered nightmare. Warren Mitchell can find little more than unrelieved stupidity for the businessman father who arrives with a bagful of wigs in the hope of winning back his long-winded (and bluntly indicated) marital rights. Sheila Steafel, a good actress in the right role, is no Miriam Karlin as the vampire Momma; and Sheila Scott-Wilkinson is lovely and wasted as that discredited prop, the funny coloured maid.

Every ten minutes or so a genuinely sharp comic exchange highlights the dreadful fatness of the rest; but it is little wonder that Charles Marowitz's direction has not managed

to breathe life into a cluster of supporting characters—suicidal simpleton, transvestite, venal cop, rapacious doctor, ridiculous rabbi—projected with varying degrees of competent desperation and bland ineptitude.

AT THE snug and leisurely King's Head, Islington, with the Theatre Upstairs the best of our current studio theatres—a group of admirable young players offer two blood-chilling one-acters by David Mowat, Anna-Louise and The Diabolist. It's a pity they do lapse into Grand Guignol (but then so do early Plinths); both have a sharply individual comic sense and a sympathetic eye for stresses and corruptions in the world of lesser mortals. But both are enjoyably done; Mr Mowat, like several of his actors, is worth watching.

J W Lambert

The complete Giselle

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

WE HAVE HAD the good fortune to produce—or at least to see—a number of notable Giselles in this country. Those who remember Pavlova, Karavina and Spasskova are growing fewer. I don't, for my memories begin with Markova, who was indeed extraordinary. Then there followed Fonteyn, Grey, Shearer, and Rambert's Sally Gilmore; and more recently Nerina Beriova, Page Park, Anderson, Sibley, Wells, I will not try to complete the list, but must now add to it one outstanding and wonderful performer, Festival Ballet's Galina Samsova, whom I saw at the Festival Hall on Wednesday.

We know her as a spectacular dancer, especially when teamed with André Prokorysky, who was her husband on this occasion; we have also had proof in other ballets of her acting ability. "Giselle," however, is not like other ballets: it is an enormous undertaking. The ballerina, as we know, has to have soubrette charm in Act 1 and tragic power in Act 2; and of course she needs prodigious technique, for the role calls for action, balance and powerful jumps, apart from perfect

tion of line. Samsova possesses all these qualities, but what struck me particularly was the devoted thought she has put into every detail of the work, and the ease with which her acting merged into dance and back again. She was irresistibly pretty and gay at the beginning, gripping in the mad scene and noble in the end.

The new production of Mary Skeaping was an interesting and vivid one: it gave us some unfamiliar music originally written by Adam for the Paris Opera, including a suite for Giselle. There were several other fine interpretations, notably the peasant pas de deux of Miklosy and Dubreuil, Terry Hayworth's sturdy Duke, the defiant Hilarion of David Lons and the really splendid Queen of the Willis of Kathryn Wade. In "Le Beau Danube," which still seems an over-sentimental revival, Miklosy gave out some blond sparks in Danilova's role of the Street Dancer, and von Loggenburg as the Hussar, at the dramatic moment when the Blue Danube waltz revives his love for her, substituted for Massine's dark glow of suppressed passion his own famous smile.

Manchester

splendid performance. Visually too the production is rich and right (designed by Malcolm Pride and Roger Andrews). The supporting cast sports experts like Arthur Blake as Brasset, Wolfe Morris as Spettigue, Dilys Hamlett and James Cossins. Given such talent and style and the basic Brandon Thomas recipe the director, Braham Murray, might have

been content to keep a cool head. Instead he chooses to ham it up. But there is no doubt that the production will make a lot of people laugh a happy, happy, happy. Tom Courtenay is coming home with the bacon. His home town of Hull is on the itinerary of a tour sponsored by Delta, which will also take the production to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Liverpool and, of all places, Oxford.

Philip Radcliffe

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

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SUNDAY, 12.30, 7.15
TICKETS: 50p, 75p, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00, 11.50, 12.00, 12.50, 13.00, 13.50, 14.00, 14.50, 15.00, 15.50, 16.00, 16.50, 17.00, 17.50, 18.00, 18.50, 19.00, 19.50, 20.00, 20.50, 21.00, 21.50, 22.00, 22.50, 23.00, 23.50, 24.00, 24.50, 25.00, 25.50, 26.00, 26.50, 27.00, 27.50, 28.00, 28.50, 29.00, 29.50, 30.00, 30.50, 31.00, 31.50, 32.00, 32.50, 33.00, 33.50, 34.00, 34.50, 35.00, 35.50, 36.00, 36.50, 37.00, 37.50, 38.00, 38.50, 39.00, 39.50, 40.00, 40.50, 41.00, 41.50, 42.00, 42.50, 43.00, 43.50, 44.00, 44.50, 45.00, 45.50, 46.00, 46.50, 47.00, 47.50, 48.00, 48.50, 49.00, 49.50, 50.00, 50.50, 51.00, 51.50, 52.00, 52.50, 53.00, 53.50, 54.00, 54.50, 55.00, 55.50, 56.00, 56.50, 57.00, 57.50, 58.00, 58.50, 59.00, 59.50, 60.00, 60.50, 61.00, 61.50, 62.00, 62.50, 63.00, 63.50, 64.00, 64.50, 65.00, 65.50, 66.00, 66.50, 67.00, 67.50, 68.00, 68.50, 69.00, 69.50, 70.00, 70.50, 71.00, 71.50, 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The fissionable fact

TELEVISION □ MAURICE WIGGIN

IT IS NOT SURPRISED that Mike Wooler is attracting attention with his BBC2 series, *Art in a Day*. It may be seen as part of an evolutionary process—a logical development of the same trend which brought about the so-called "factoal" novel, the genre of non-fiction written up in the mode of fiction.

An objection to this development is that it lessens the importance of the novelist's chief creative contribution—the insight into, and analysis of, character. There is also a danger that the method may further smudge the already hazy line between fact and fiction. But every human activity has its dangers. An advantage of the method, as pursued by Mr Wooler, is that it makes vivid and engrossing television.

The Sunday Times Insight invented the technique, so far as newspapers are concerned. Saturation of the subject with as many reporters as might be made available, each examining an aspect; then the collation of their contributions by editorial oversight (known as God) who, in possession of the whole picture, determine the narrative line. Zola would have envied them.

I daresay he would have envied Mr Wooler his technological advantage of effectively "being" in seven places at once. Let imagination atrophy! Who needs it? ("That's the danger of course.") Yet there is still some scope for the "creative" imagination, for the personal vision—even when the act of creation takes place, as manifestly it does, in the cutting room. In a real sense it is Mike Wooler's picture we are getting, even though he may not have directed a single one of his many cameras or spoken to a single person involved. Though the facts, which he collates, are nominally neutral and irrefutable, the final statement which emerges is his, just as in another media it may be Norman Mailer's, or Tony Palmer's, or an Insight editor's.

There is no escaping the personal factor; which can be either limiting or liberating, or even both. It may be objected that the search for ultimate documentation, the cult of objectivity, is a blind alley like any other. We may be on the brink of discovering that fact too, is fashionable. What is reality? Applications to inspect the subconscious will be dealt with in strict rotation.

That being said, Mr Wooler is well equipped by temperament and training for this pursuit of the inner reality of exterior reality. His second report, on day's news-gathering by BBC teams, cast a lurid light on the processes involved; and, perhaps, a revealing light on his discretionary powers. Certainly a romantic picture of an activity which appeals to romantics, including romantics unaware who labour for a lifetime under the impression that they are objective and even sceptical observers of the human scene. It served to strengthen my doubts about television news—which depends far too much on pictures being available, as I have said so often. So much real news, important news, is not pictorial; it takes place in the minds of men, it is a thought-process, it is decisions. Which may only be expressed in words. More often than not, the pictures are peripheral (comings and

goings, self-conscious men entering and leaving) and sometimes an actual distraction. The presence of the camera induces responses, subtly or not so subtly. Some "news" is staged for the camera teams, some by them (if only in the innocuous sense of setting-up pictures).

Not every picture tells a story, to put it mildly. But some do. Mr Wooler filmed the Birmingham 1961 watching herself on the nine o'clock News. This was the revealing shot—more so than any which appeared in the News. It should be running as a loop in every TV newsroom.

This fascinating film raised (but quite naturally did not set out to answer) questions about the extent to which television news is being sucked into the vortex of show business. News readers are performers, loved in every home. Reporters and interviewers become performers, wily-nilly: continually fighting a war on two fronts, for the necessity of projecting the "objective" facts, against the urge, possibly unconscious, to project themselves. Editors, however, around their news-sense and bower right and admirable their values, are up against the availability or otherwise of visual material, and must be influenced by this. They fight the good fight, and as this film showed they make the best of a bad job. One can but admire them, professionally and indeed humanly, and I have no wish to asperse their performance. But it is a bad job they are making the best of. I doubt if the visualisation of news has made us much better-informed; it may have made us more neurotic. Praise be for cold print, and, to a lesser extent, for radio. In the beginning was the Word.

The Word (some interviewers sometimes seem to forget) is not only something that you throw at interviewees, but equally something that you should listen to when they reply. Time and again I've seen interviewers steamroller on to the next question on their prepared list, apparently unaware that it has just been either answered or made irrelevant. I had in mind to welcome back the *Frankie* magazine today, so well conducted by Eamon Andrews, who is humane and perceptive and brilliant at this tricky job. Well, I do welcome it back: it's much pleasanter than BBC's fidgety gimmicky *Nation* wide. But I also have to say that Eamon's star interviewer, the redoubtable Iain Gardner, whose distinguished work I admire so much, let himself down with his interview with Superintendent Richardson's widow; a brave and distinguished lady who surely deserved more sympathy and less needling.

Hostile interviews are sometimes wholly defensible. What disturbs the sense of fair play is when the interviewer is a practised professional, at home in his milieu, bearing down on a subject who is unpractised, and far from home. True, the situation may be reversed. The strong personality of Daphne du Maurier swamped the diffident Wilfred De'ath, making him seem more incoherent than perhaps he really was. The torrential eloquence of Daniel Bilsberg so submerged the quiet, unassuming Rosemary Wittman that they both became elusive. Gladiatorial clashes may be the red meat of TV, but grossly unequal catchweight contests leave a bad taste.

At the four-strong backing group Mann uses are fine—ardent and integrated. They play also as a girl singer (Goggin) who improvises weirdly, wordlessly, an Yma Sumac of the subway or Omar Khayyam of the Village—in a fashion enigmatic enough to get someone sooner or later to say she's significant. Don't believe that either.

The rest of the bill, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, sound like an acrobat-comedy trio from the old vaudeville circuit. Ashton behaves a bit like it too, looting around, striking attitudes, playing one-handed piano whilst not looking at a sort of rock 'n' roll. Gardner, despite all, he's a stunning keyboard performer, who'll play you a pastiche of anyone from Albert Ammons to McCoy Tyner.

The rest of the band (three horns, three rhythm, roar away with great uplift. In the end, it is very entertaining as well as (for Ronnie's) a touch refreshingly profane.

and limited technique. There's a heavy-critic move afoot to hype him into a Jimi Hendrix or a genius. Don't believe it. His riffs, shapes, phrases are surprising but as yet lack purpose, and his freak-outs are standard rubbish.

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Record choice

SUNDAY TIMES

RECORD OF THE MONTH

ARTHUR JACOBS

MONTEVERDI: *Il Rincampo d'Ulisse* in *Patra*. English. Loheng. Kretschmar. Wollitz. Samli Chamber Orchestra/Ewerhart. Utraboni TV7016-85/\$2.97.

MONTEVERDI'S "Orfeo" and "Poppea" may be more colourful scores, and more vividly dramatic, but the story of *Ulisse* is a masterpiece of the composer's genius. Temptingly marketed at less than full-price range, this three-disc set has the versatile, intelligent Gerald English outstanding in the title-role, with Maureen Lebane as his incredulous Penelope and Edward Wollitz splendidly doubling two deep bass roles. The musical version is somewhat cut (and not always wisely) but preserves a fine intensity of feeling, and gives Monteverdi undisturbed by modern prettification.

J W LAMBERT

HENZE: *El Cimarron*/William Pearson, baritone; Karlheinz Zeller, flute; tea Bröcker, guitar; Slawa Yamachita, percussion/099 2707 050 (two records) \$4.70.

THE "Autobiography of a Runaway Slave" on which this cantata is based blazes with life (it is available in Penguin). Hans Magnus Enzensberger has extracted four telling episodes from the story of a centenary Cuban, ranging from slave life to fugitive days in the forest to the disillusion of revolution. But as in nearly all new pieces for voice and assorted sound effects Henze's emotional range is sadly limited (and not helped by much arbitrary fiasco). Even in this brilliant performance the original's exuberance, and celebration, is swamped by almost unrelieved nervous tension.

CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH (1714-1788): *Oden, Psalmen und Lieder*/Dieter Fischer-Dieskau, Jörg Demus, Janigant/Högl/Archiv 2533058/\$2.35.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

PANOFNIK: *Neroic and Tragic Overtures*/Machina/Autumn Music/London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jascha Horenstein UNICORN RHIS 306/\$2.35.

A FAIR GUIDE to the worth as well as standing of a living composer is the type of conductor attracted to his music. Horowitz now adds his practical testimony to that of Stokowski in these vivid, committed performances of four scores by Andrei Panofnik, an exile whose very existence is ignored in his native Poland. The Dolby Sound System Recording achieves a matching intensity of orchestral colour and impact. Unicorn is evidently a firm to reckon with in hi-fi standards.

STEPHEN DODGSON

SCHUBERT: *Piano Recital*/Wilhelm Kempff/066 2530 090/\$2.35.

SIDE 2 has the Andante in A (D 604) and Allegretto in C minor (D 605) from the *Impromptus*. It is a pity that the recital's major item, 13 Variations on a Theme by Franz Hüttenbrenner (D 576), is missing. The recital is a masterpiece of mid-century and maybe the last variation disappears by failure to cap the whole satisfactorily. But a marvellous recital, and a marvellous Kempff plays it as simply as it demands and with complete belief. The recital opens with the three posthumous Klavierstücke (D 946) done with great dignity and sense of their uncluttered architecture. Kempff brings out strongly their otherworldly quality. The recital is a masterpiece of mid-century and maybe the last variation disappears by failure to cap the whole satisfactorily. But a marvellous recital, and a marvellous Kempff plays it as simply as it demands and with complete belief. 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A GOOD HARVEST here, although (because) the average age is pretty high. Graves, well into his seventy-sixth year, and three more around sixty, with only Miss Whitaker (b. 1944) and Mr Hill to help out. So one may expect a certain conservatism, ripeness and technical skill.

Robert Graves gives considerably more. His poetry since 1965 is inspired by what Sir John Betjeman has called "late-flowering lust" but which is in fact romantic love with a physical basis metaphorically interpreted. Graves is the oldest living love poet and possibly the greatest. While Auden is mere strapping, protests against such poetry and proclaims he finds it embarrassing (would he ban the Song of Solomon?) Graves accepts the fact that most great lyric poetry is love poetry and that he is particularly well equipped for it. "I love, therefore I am."

By making use of the stock-in-trade of all serious lovers—coincidence, myth, the significance of names, magic, astrology, invocations, prayer, he fills his poems with a certain sculptured fastidious fatness. His poems deal with

The magical powers of thought—these powers over-ride and reinterpret simple love-entanglements to a point where physical absence supplies a living presence. Alliances of this nature provide the strongest possible fulcrum for the gradual depression of public humanity, and for the re-evaluation of natural law.

I wish his two recent poems in the Listener could have been included. Here is a complete poem to illustrate his mastery. Suddenly, at last, the litter wind tears round

From North-East to South-West.
It is at your orders:
And the arrow on our came
swings and stays true
To your direction. Nothing
parts us now.
What can I say? Nothing I
have not said.
However the wind bleeds, I more
than love
As when you drew me bodily
from the dead.

Mr Durrell's The Red Limbo Lingo is also a limited edition, for this would seem the only way in which a well-known poet who does not command enormous sales can make money. His central theme is blood in its sacrificial aspect, including vampires, but his long introductory prose poem does not seem to me the most successful. Durrell's best poems are conversational, occasional and rather light-hearted.

I finger the sex of many an uncut book.

His poems give the impression of someone waiting for a new experience or perhaps one last great love; he sees himself as "an old smelly covetous bookman" who "does not drink or smoke."

I would perhaps have asked you away

To my house by the sea, to retire us both
in absolute solitude and dispassionately

The autumn would be a good time to do it, despite the Mistral. Freedom is choice: choice bondage.

The hero rises up

THE LEGEND OF ROLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES by Rita Lejeune and Jacques Stiennon translated by Christine Trollope

Phaidon 2 vols £28

GEORGE STEINER

ON THAT famous fishing trip to Burgundy in Hemingway's "Fiesta," Bill and the narrator glimpse a grey metal-shed roof on the shoulder of the first dark mountain. "There's Roncevaux," says Jake, and suddenly Bill notes: "It's awful cold." For an instant the air darkens and we hear in that single, muted reference the tones of heroism and betrayal, of romantic but vacant gesture which will mark the rest of the novel.

No one knows with any certainty what happened in the narrow defile of Roncevaux or Roncevaux in AD 778. The Saracen ruler of Barcelona was in rebellion against his overlord in distant Cordova. He invited Charlemagne to support his cause. The Franks crossed into Spain and conquered Pamplona but Zaragoza withstood their siege. The Emperor withdrew across the frontier. His rearguard was under the captaincy of the noble and brave Earl of Breton march. This troop of knights was ambushed as it came through the mountain gorge and annihilated. By whom? By the moors of Zaragoza under King Marsile, abetted by the traitor Ganelon, says the legend. The facts are probably more prosaic and confused. It seems likely that the ambush was set by local mountaineers, Basques or men of Navarre. It may be that their onslaught was obscurely related to the general war; perhaps they were merely out for plunder.

As early as the third quarter of the eleventh century, some form of epic saga about the affair at Roncevaux was abroad in Navarre. Between 1000 and 1020 various tales about the prowess of Roland and his friendship with Oliver begin cropping up in France, notably in Normandy. The earliest

version of the Chanson de Roland as we know it is dated c. 1100 and is known as the "Oxford text." Very probably older, fragmentary versions have been lost.

It is a marvellous tale. It tells of Roland's birth at Imola and of his education in the great forests. The young knight saves Charlemagne's life at Aspremont and is rewarded with the magic sword Durandal and the horn Oliphant. In Charlemagne's dispute with Girart de Vienne, Roland is champion for his liege-lord. He fights Oliver under the walls of Vienne from dawn to sunset and neither can prevail. An angel stops the epic duel. Roland becomes betrothed to Oliver's beautiful sister Aude. Henceforth the paladins are inseparable. Roland challenges the pagan giant Ferragut. They fight on horseback and neither triumphs. Roland brings Ferragut a stone to support his head and watches over his sleep. They engage in theological disputation, then they fight on foot. Roland slays the Saracen Goliath and proceeds to a brilliant campaign. He takes Tortolosa, Noble and Pamplona. Durandal is like a thing of life.

Lulled into a false sense of security by the gifts which Ganelon brings from Zaragoza, Roland covers the rear of the Emperor's army with a small troop of armoured horse. At Roncevaux a vast army of pagans surrounds him. Despite Oliver's pleas he refuses to blow his horn until it is too late. Finally, with blood-choked breath, he blows a great blast, tends the dying Oliver, breaks Durandal on a great stone, is blessed by Bishop Turpin, offers his gauntlet to the Saracen, and the Charlemagne hears the call of the magic horn carried on the evening wind. His host wheels about and hurries back to the mountains. It is too late, and as Bill says, "awful cold."

The call of that horn from the

Ride for a dreamer

ST URBAIN'S HORSEMAN by Mordecai Richler/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2.50

HANS FEET IN LOVE by William Sansom/Hogarth Press £1.75

AMPARO by Chapman Mortimer/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £1.50

PENMARRIC by Susan Howatch/Hamish Hamilton £2.25

JOHN WHITLEY

set pieces like Sunday baseball on the Heath and indigestible luncheons with legal advisers, much more successful than the Canadian chapters which still seem insufficiently distanced. Yet Mr Richler has written something more than a fine comic novel, with a wider application, ostensibly about the lingering Jewish consciousness in the Gardens of the West, it really deals with the sense of despair, of frustration at not being able to change so many evils: Jake's Horseman is the Knight of the Grail, the Superman who deals in moral justice, wish-fulfillment for the intellectual character impatient with his own liberalism.

William Sansom's contemporary hero, in Hans Feet in Love is a far milder, not to say dimmer luminary. Hans Feet is, in fact, a young commercial traveller whose modest financial success is due to an engaging ingenueness of gaze. This expression, it seems, also makes him attractive to women and Mr Sansom's book is really a number of short stories about success or, more frequently, failure in love linked together by the amorousness of the much-travelled salesman. For all their apparently mild, whimsical humour—and some of the stories are very funny—these episodes hide a bitter, cruel sting in their tails: loneliness, alcoholism, betrayal lurk beneath Hans's easy-going exterior and Mr Sansom's calm yet vivid writing ensures they are released on the unwary reader with the maximum impact.

Equally deceptive in the spare elegance of its writing and form, Chapman Mortimer's Amparo is ostensibly a con-

Landscapes of poetry

THE GREEN-SAILED VESSEL, Poems 1971 by Robert Graves
Bertram Rota £5

THE RED LIMBO LINGO by Lawrence Durrell/Faber £3.50

MERCIAN HYMNS by Geoffrey Hill/Andre Deutsch £1.75

SELECTED POEMS by Norman MacCaig/Hogarth Press £1.50

THE BODY SERVANT by James Kirkup/Dent £2

THE FLYING MEN by Patricia Whitaker/London Magazine
Editions 40p

CYRIL CONNOLLY

Where will I next be when
the mistral
Rises in sudden trumpets on
the hills of bone?

Mercian Hymns is the most interesting and hopeful of all these books; one is reminded of David Jones, of Rimbaud even more, of the "persona" poems of early Pound, perhaps of Saint John Perse. Mr Hill has taken Offa as his mask; the powerful King of Mercia "between Temes and Trent," England's Middle Kingdom. Offa is seen as "the presiding genius of the West Midlands." He reigned over the greater part of England south of the Humber from 757-796. (Caesar's Camp but Offa's Dyke.)

Offa is a cover for some of Mr Hill's childhood experiences and also a symbol of something profoundly British, like those other Mercians, Baldwin and Chamberlain. He coined good money, was respected by Charlemagne, governed well.

The poems are to be understood as hymns of celebration and lament for Celtic Britain and Anglian middle-England.

They are also deeply moving incantations to childhood couched in spare and original language. I have read them three times.

As a Mercian myself, however, (b. Coventry), I feel he should have mentioned the great stain on Offa's character, the beheading of King Ethelbert of East Anglia, for which he went to Rome to receive absolution. No whitewash please.

Norman MacCaig and James Kirkup are hardy professionals who let their poems write themselves, only supplying the technical facilities. Expect to find not strophic emotio but considerable wit. Mr MacCaig, though long resident in Edinburgh, is moved by Sutherland, by Sullivan and Loch Assynt. He writes bravely of animals, as on a harking shark, or town pigeons

the males
are wobbling gyroscopes of lust
on frogs, goats, or the fauna of
estuaries. He has a throw-away
grasp of the trivial, in itself an
accomplishment, as on a "sleeping
compartment"

I don't like this, being carried
sideways
Through the night. I feel
wrong and helpless, like
a timber broadside in a fast
stream.
Such a way of moving may suit
that odd snake, the side-
winder.

In Arizona but not me in
Perthshire
I feel at right angles to
everything
a cross-grain in existence...

James Kirkup is another gifted imagist. Perhaps long residence in Japan has lightened his western burden. Although his subtle to The Body Servant is "poems of exile," his exile has no terrors. The book's tour de force, adapted from a passage in Leonardo's notebooks, is a description of the body in a series of apostrophes to various organs. Mr Kirkup awards no prizes but his poems on hands, thighs, vulva, penis ("Members only") are witty and original with "heart" to close the series. His poems include an impassioned plea for the folk of "scarlet, creature this," hunted almost to extinction, of which only twelve were left.

Japan is losing all mystery.
Having become prosperous,
bourgeois

She has also become boring.
There will be no more birds
and poets
all killed by our hands of
iron—
our hearts of stone.

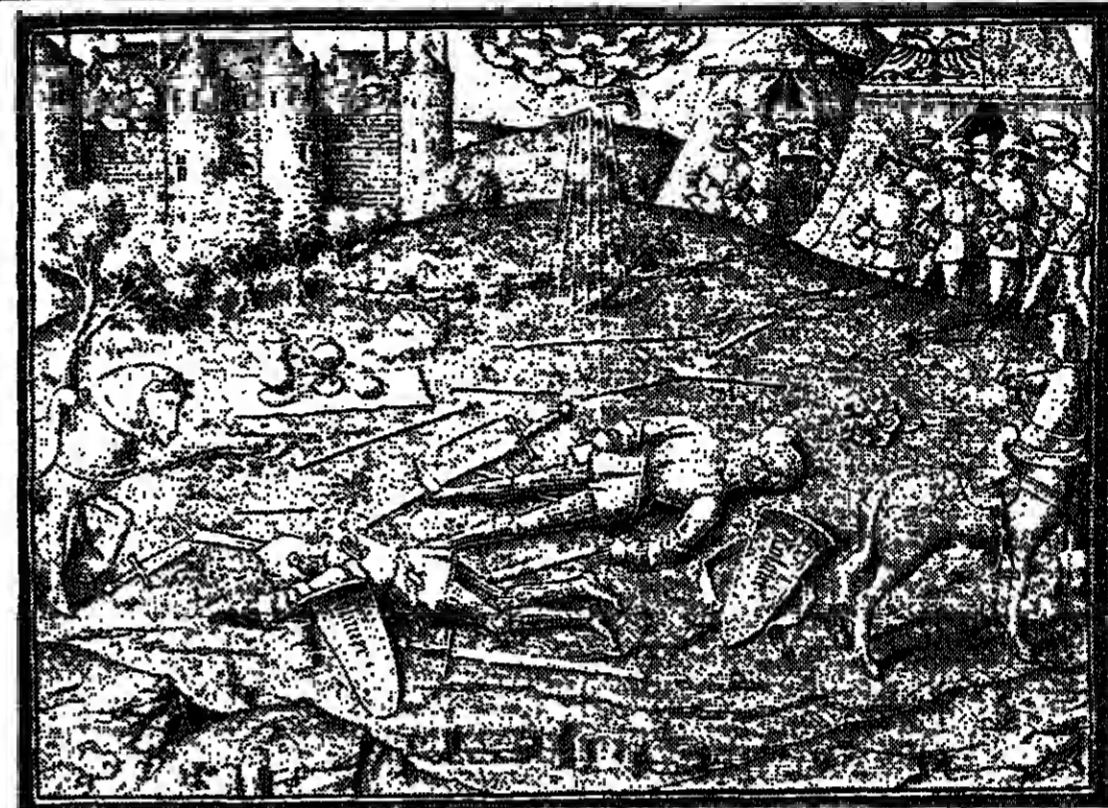
Patricia Whitaker's poems first appeared in the London Magazine; they are more intense than some of the others under review, and show an intellectual delight in words, as in "Driving in Scotland."

Pine-mornings.
The names of towns like
Montauban rounds
Kintore, Monymusk,
Kildrummy, Tomintoul.
Slight and so far not much more
than clever, they are worth
watching, like her caterpillar
well-shod, your undersides like
boots

turret the ritz cabbage-head
I envy you.

A footnote to this poetry: it is worth getting Ishmael, a new quarterly (Anglo-Irish-Spanish mainly Anglo) with a format and list of contributors very similar to the late lamented 'X'. It is 50 issues from Librairie du Luxe, boulevard des Capucines, Paris. But the first issues contain a very play on the Irish rebellion by the editor, Francis Boylan, an each an essay by C. H. Sisson, O. Yeats and Pound. The essay on Pound and his earlier work is after so many theses, extremely lucid and refreshing. C. H. Sisson by the way, supplies a title-page quotation for Geoffrey Hill, to Mercian Hymns.

IN MY review last week I said that Norman Mailer's The Prisoner of Sex was original published in Time magazine. I was in fact published in Harper's. I apologise for the mistake.



The angel ends the duel of Roland and Oliver: a grisaille by Jean le Tavernier about 1460 reproduced in "The Legend of Roland"

dark valley has sounded through western literature and art. In this sumptuous monograph, Dr Rita Lejeune and Dr Jacques Stiennon of the University of Bordeaux study the iconography of Roland and of the geste of Roland from its very first, uncertain appearance on the capital of columns in the church of Sainte-Foy at Conques (Rouergue) to a series of miniatures painted in Paris for Count Louis IX. The period covered runs from c. 1027 to 1520 and the authors examine sculptures, architectural motifs, stained glass, paintings and illuminations in France, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands and Germany (which produced that curious form, the "Roland pillar" or larger-than-life statue of the hero protecting the city against its foes). The work is illustrated by 573 plates, 63 of them in colour. Each site or manuscript illustration is discussed in detail and given its separate bibliography.

Only the specialist will be com-

petent to deal with the countless problems of chronology, iconographic interpretation and mutual influence raised by Dr Lejeune and Dr Stiennon. But the overall development of the Roland motif is clear and fascinating. At first, Roland is a stock figure in ecclesiastical propaganda, a champion over the swarthy infidels. But as early as 1169-79, in a glorious figure on the bell tower of the Cathedral at Modena, traits of individualism and pathos appear. The climax comes with the majestic St Charlemagne and St Roland windows in the north section of the ambulatory at Chartres (c. 1215). In this great series of pictorial scenes, with their subtle blue radiance and tranquil intensity of motion, Roland becomes the symbol of chivalric sainthood and of France. This is the figure glimpsed by the Pilgrim in the Fifth Heaven of the "Paradiso."

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Roland becomes more and more human-

ised. He is one among a number of romantic paladins from an increasingly perplexing, allegorised past. There is almost a pre-Raphaelite touch in the depiction of Roncevaux in the brilliant Tournai tapestry dated 1455-70. By the early sixteenth century, Roland was once more a stock figure, but short of his antique violence and religious weight.

There is so much joy in this book, so much force of suggestion, that it should appeal to far more than the circle of medievalists and iconographers. How could one have missed the little church of Santa Maria della Strada on the way to Brindisi with its inspired rendition of Roland seeking to break his sword? Or the frieze on the corner tower of the Cathedral of Borgo San Donnino in Fidenza? Is summer over already? As Vigny wrote, in what is at once among the most sonorous lines in any language and an echo of Roncevaux: *Dieu que le son du Cor est triste nu fond des bois!*



Mordecai Richler: balancing act

manners and an extension of his own self-pity. Only when she has fled from her pimp and bought new clothes on the strength of this promise does he let her down. As the other characters are mostly self-reflecting mirrors, the novel relies for its success on Amparo, and she may seem too much the romantic primitive of the last century's imaginings for more prosaic readers.

Penmarric by Susan Howatch is an historical family saga which starts off promisingly enough in the Nineties with an interminable lawsuit between an enraged mother and an embittered cousin.

The case is for the possession of the vast and ugly Cornish mansion of Penmarric and this house is at the centre of two generations of ensuing family rowdiness and emotional chaos. Howatch has chosen to construct an elaborate parallel between the squabbles of these Cornish gentile folk and the intrigues of the Plantagenet descendants of Stephen and Matilda which makes everything very complicated and extends the book to an unenviable length. But though not in the same class as Winston Graham's Poldark chronicle, this novel does show considerable promise and sections like that dealing with one son's obsession with mining and another's pride in property are both sensitively described and grippingly readable.

English voices

JON SILKIN's Amana Gra (Chatto & Windus 50p; hardback £1.05) is his best book so far. Whether writing of North England or Iowa or Tel-Aviv, he observes with an accuracy reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence, but writes with none of the clumsiness.

In fact Mr Silkin is one of the most lucid and radiant of English poets. I like especially his portraits of northern landscapes, seemingly mineral and barren but from which flower carpets of every sort of richness and life arise within the tradition of English poetry, and the beauties with which he infuses it, prove a fallacy the popular notion that contemporary poetry in England must play second fiddle to that being written in the United States.

Veronica Forrest-Thomson, the winner of the second annual New Poets Award for her collection Language-Games (The Corgi of English Press, University of Leeds 75p). Miss Forrest-Thomson fuses together bits and pieces of both general and arcane information from her university education into a series of poems which, if sometimes sounding like the product of an unworldly youth, between the styles of William Empson and Gertrude Stein almost always show a high developed stylistic sense and sharp humour. At times Miss Forrest-Thomson succeeds in her desire to create new literature from aging lexicons and yellowed theories, and I look with pleasure toward seagore more of her work.

Donald Ward was born in 1909, has worked in the Post Office for forty-seven years, and in his first book of poems The Dead Swan (Allison & Busby 75p; hardback £1.25) gives one cause for hope. If the decline in our post services is due in part to poems like these being written in the bowels of the GPO, then such a decline is justifiable. The range of material is wide (particularly good are the character sketches) and the treatment splendidly assured. Perhaps one might persuade Mr Ward to take his postal duties a bit more lightly? It would be a pity to have to wait another half-century for a second book.

I have written previously about George Barker's lovely poem "At Thurgarton Church." No together with other previous uncollected pieces, is available Poems of Places and People (Faber £1.50). To those who know Mr Barker's work, or more he said. To those who do not, the book should be an excellent introduction.

Edward Lucie-Smith has edited for Rapp & Whiting a most interesting volume entitled Primer of Experimental Poetry (£2.10). It is first of a projected series of three volumes. The present collection includes poems from 1870 to 1919 (originals and translations) together with brief but helpful notes by the editor. I object to the heavy amounts of each poem, but this is a primer and should whet the appetite of the uninitiated.

Lyman Andrew

The Irish strain

RYAN is a small boy, a few years from adolescence at the outbreak of the First World War. He is the product of an Irish father—art teacher and Sunday painter—and a richly emotional Russian mother who, after the Revolution, fills their North London home with emigré bangors from St Petersburg and points east.

A succession of governesses comes and goes, driven usually to despair by Ryan's elder sister Anastasia, with whom he maintains a slave-master relationship. The Irish strain comes to dominate Ryan's hyper-sensitive nature more than the flamboyant Slavs. This is principally due to the devotion inspired by young Kevin O'Keane, a priest-mannequin whom Ryan meets in a long, somewhat wearisome, Somerville art-Rossish episode set at a party with boys and fairies during the premature wake of his grandfather (who refuses to oblige by dying punctually).

Kevin's gift for affection is universal: adopted into the North London home, he charms even history.

ORIGINS OF CATHEEN by R C Hutchinson/Michael Joseph £2.10

JEREMY RUNDALL

the most gloomy Russian art and emerges as the one full rounded human being in a large gallery of caricatures—even stereotypes. Not that these without their function: the grotesque works well as a loosely sequenced series of faces with a hero trace ebbing.

Whether Origins of Cathleen (Cathleen, who eventually marries Ryan, appears briefly and sporadically as the infant daughter of Kevin and his (Cathleen) wife) is intended as fiction, the autobiography is uncertain. The art teacher's Russian mother is given as clutching a Russian there is intimacy of detail that suggests first-hand experience. Not that really matters either way: despite the untidiness there is richness in style, comedy and even some history.

When women should take to the streets

GOODNESS, I despair of women sometimes. Take for an example their wretched abjectness in the matter of social security benefits or the unsupported mother. Plainly, all the expenses of support and administration would be spared the State, and ultimately the taxpayer, if the unsupported mother should quietly become supported, without clamorous recourse to paternalist authorities. She and her issue could be most efficiently and discreetly supported by the proceeds of prostitution.

By way of favouring this particular private enterprise even beyond the extent to which this government generally favours private enterprise, it refrains from levying any tax upon a woman's earnings, and imposes no onerous controls of quality or quantity of her work, and the Veasleys or Trades Descriptions Acts to hamper the small business woman.

Her work can be carried on in the home while the thus supported children sleep, or, if the habit is too common, almost anywhere else. Initial outlay is minimal and, provided the entrepreneur can avoid takeover by a pimp or organised exploitation by the underworld, it remains so.

For years now the servants of the people have laboured to help the unemployed mother grasp these elementary facts (or success), it is assumed that the little woman has caught on and is not the silly goose has not been deceived and even now cannot take the hint.

But the SS are intent. Over and over they challenge their sluggish pupil. Surely that man who stopped by to play cards or take the children to the football, while mother drew a breath and washed her hair, could be contributing to the kiddies' support? They chat with the children about their "uncle" or their "dad," and the children uttering wishes and fantasies of a "normal" home, unwittingly betray their mothers.

What the children leave out the neighbours fill in, parked cars, people coming and going, the length of Miss's skirts.

Duggedly, the hounds prepare the dossier that proves that the unsupported mother is twofold the State, and, if not, why not? When the chips are down, every woman must realise that she is sitting on her fortune.

But no, she doesn't realise. She pleads that she does not know her male friends intimately, that they are poor and hardworking themselves, that if she expected every man who spoke to her to undertake the support of her children, she would live in utter silence, except for childish chatter.

Now the SS men are not so thick that they cannot see at a

Germaine Greer



LOOK!

glance that she does not live in luxury provided by a dual income. When her benefit is stopped she is likely to starve, unless the Welfare Department send someone by with the daily food money. But the Welfare two is committed to the education of the poor. Sorrowfully but sternly they stay away, hoping that hunger will drive the bewildered creature to productive labour. She is more apt to sit at home and cry.

Perhaps she is ashamed to get out and hustle with the children in the house. Benevolently, the powers intervene to remove any older children, who might catch on, to State care, and damn the expense.

So far the surveillance of these improvident mothers is costing many times the maintenance of the children, but so great a value have independence and entrepreneurial skill in a Tory world that Social Security does not begrudge a penny.

But even yet such women cannot understand the point of this prodigious activity at public expense. They pursue their children through the State Departments, and make awful scenes, weeping and tearing their hair. They trudge to the Welfare, begging for a food allowance, while their children scream for fear and bewilderment, howling for the sequestered sibling. The Welfare mournfully considers the

The motor car squeals when it's tired. But when it's exhausted, petrol fumes...

Alan Clark

His stoic diet Was hard work. All his nails fell out.

J.A.C.

I've grown hyacinth in flower bed.

Glen Boyd

possibility of dispersing the household once and for all. At home, the object lesson is unsparingly continued. Instead of comprehending the avuncular role of the man lurking under her bedroom windows, and learning from him the pragmatic realities of the role of women under capitalism, the by-now demented woman calls the police. Everybody is very nice to her but no policeman comes.

Her days become a dreary round of humiliating scenes with the Social Security, the Welfare, the Housing Department, who can always be relied upon to show solidarity with the others by producing a timely threat of eviction. But still the crazed woman does not see.

No one takes so crass an attitude to the practical education process as to actually say, "Woman, all this pain could have been spared, if you had simply forgone welfare and supported your issue by the work of your loins. What else was marriage but payment in kind for sexual service and co-habitation? What is now so repugnant in the notion of being paid piecemeal, on a casual instead of a permanent basis? You could even make more money that way and raise your standard of living. It's like piece-work—it depends how quick you are."

Why is it unsupported mothers cannot see the glories and the high morality of the private enterprise system? Instead of coming to lead a hand, co-operating in freeing each other to get about. When men come by the women are not left in compromising circumstances, speechless before the lewd implications of the public servant; they have a defence, against spying and evidence of their own. Their old teachers hang about in the hope that the feckless women are running a lucrative orgy business, but it has not so far been the case. Vulgar Economics has become Political Economy. Opportunism has been beaten by Principle.

History will explain why these women have chosen the method of combination and mess action in preference to individualism and personal profit. Perhaps after all, freedom and dignity were motives for becoming unsupported mothers in the first place, but freedom and dignity are words with which Social Security has little to do.

Extraordinary claims are made for the grapefruit, not the least of which is that it acts as a catalyst on other foods and burns up all the surplus fat. Claims like these lead people to believe that as long as you start off a meal with a grapefruit, it doesn't matter what you eat afterwards.

But is all this faith in the grapefruit unfounded? One thing most people know about grapefruit diets if they've tried them is that they seem to work, but do they actually speed up the metabolism and burn up fat?

Absolute rubbish, say the experts. Derek Miller, lecturer in nutrition at Queen Elizabeth College, says that the food which speeds up the metabolism hasn't yet been invented and it has been, he'd like to know about it. Dr Peter Greaves of the British Nutrition Foundation summed up the value of the grapefruit thus: "It's food value is as a good source of Vitamin C. Period. There's no physiological foundation for the fact that it helps to burn fat. That's absolute nonsense."

One thing is certain, that belief in the grapefruit's slimming powers has rocketed sales. Ten, even five years ago the grapefruit was an exotic fruit—what the trade calls "queer gear"—along with the avocado and the aubergine. Now this

growing demand has pushed up national consumption anywhere between 20 and 40 per cent in the last two years. Nobody is more surprised by the grapefruit's wild success than the grapefruit importers themselves. Jaffa and Outspan, who split the bulk of the citrus market between them, are baffled but pleased. They know that grapefruit has the highest Vitamin C content of any fruit, even oranges, and that they are very low in calories. But they admit that it's difficult to justify the theory that if you eat grapefruit, you slim.

With all this desire for grapefruit around, you may be wondering why grapefruit is so expensive. The answer is that high demand puts up the prices, though there is a fact possibility that taffas may be cheaper this winter because of the devaluation of the Israeli pound. But maybe that's the explanation of their slimming success. When the fruit is so expensive, you can only afford to eat very little at a time.

Lesley Garner

LES DEJAS
Dysentery—dèja loo.
Instant icebags—dèja breu.
Young Conservatives—dèja blue.
Quick getaway—dèja phew.
Aging fast—dèja through.
Already around—dèja Jew.
Impeding pneumonia—dèja flu.
Income tax—dèja due.
Inmate refinement—dèja U.
Blasé jet-set—dèja fleur.
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Tory PR—dèja green.
Cheap tights—dèja trou.

Patricia Ay and David Robs

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LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

AS LORD LONGFORD returns from Denmark, shocked beyond speech at the permissive society run riot, there are other anti-permissive movements afoot. The latest calls itself The Festival of Light, is Christian, is supported by familiar names from among the forces of righteousness—Marty Whitehouse, Malcolm Muggeridge, Cliff Richard—and is holding a launching meeting at Westminster's Central Hall on Thursday.

Malcolm Muggeridge proclaims its ideals in the language of Bunyan and the Bible: "It's for putting on the armour of light and casting off the works of darkness." But does the armour of light mean anything to the children of the permissive society who take for granted the horrors listed by the Festival of Light's committee—The Little Red Schoolbook, Schoolkids Oz, The Devils?

The meeting on Thursday will be followed by a rally in Trafalgar Square on September 25 and two days before that, incense will be lit all over the country "to alert Britain to the dangers of moral pollution"—and for the burning of a few questionable books?

ON LOOK: we knew Roy Brooks well. He was a lovable tinker. He collected stories and sayings and coined a few himself. "I can tell the age of a house more surely than the age of a woman."

He was immensely sincere about his socialism—his rather individual brand of socialism—and we noted that the very first thing he did when he assumed control of the business from his father was to make his two assistants, Tony Halstead and Colin Lowman, partners. They, after all, were doing most of the work while he was talking his head off on the box, or raising money for charity, or squeezing a little social justice out of the system for somebody else.

Nobody but Roy Brooks could write those ads. And Messrs Halstead and Lowman are not going to try. But Brooks' honesty is a tradition that is worth carrying on.

WOMAN'S ROLE

LAST WEEK, I watched as three young Americans, tired but almost pathetically respectable, slumped down at a table in a warm, welcoming Wimpy House in the Earls Court Road. Suddenly one of them noticed a small sign high on the wall. They promptly picked up their belongings and fled.

What they had done was commit the unpardonable—and incredible—sin of all, being female. They had no male company. And women will not tolerate such indecent behaviour on their premises after midnight.

"Unaccompanied women" will not be served.—Evening Standard

PETNOTE gives you the secrets of an attractive and shapely bustline, for a figure that men admire. If women all over the world have developed this greatest of feminine charms, then why not you?—Advertisement in Vinty Fair.

IT'S TEMPTING to leave the household chores to the girls. Sometimes we do. Certainly they do a good job of looking after us. —Borrie Alexander on his four boys-two girls harmony group in *Look!*

LOOK! AGAIN ON PAGE 33

A luxury made-to-measure kitchen can cost you up to 25% less than you thought.

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There are permanent Multyflex exhibitions at the Building Centre, 26 Store Street, London WC1E 7BS, Engineering and Building Centre, Broad Street, Birmingham 1 and at the Kitchen Design Centre and showroom, Dafin, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire.

multyflex kitchens

Multyflex Kitchens Ltd, Dafin, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Llanelli 2201-6. Please send me without obligation your FREE Guide to Good Kitchen Design. I understand no salesman will telephone or call on me.

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Interflora's ingenious chrome steel wall bracket will hold the heaviest TV set, freeing floor space and furniture. Swivel base enables you to view from any part of the room. Ideal not only for home but for hotel, club, restaurant, etc. 24" size fixed by any home handyman. £3.45 for 16in. arm, £5.45 for 24in. arm, complete unit, post paid. Broadaker Engineering, PO Box 44, Dept. ST1, Gurnsey, C.I.

Experience a little Swedish night life.



Now you can be as abandoned in bed as they are in Sweden.

Under a Slumberdown continental quilt there are no more heavy blankets to weigh you down. No more fighting the bedclothes trying to relax.

Instead there's all the soft, seductive warmth of natural down and feather snuggling you gently to sleep.

And in the morning, there's another dream to wake up to—no more tiresome bedmaking.

All you do is puff up the pillow, smooth out the bottom sheet and swish up the Slumberdown. And that's it. All over in 18 seconds.

Try one. It's the new experience in bed.

SLUMBERDOWN Surrender to its warm embrace

14 nights FREE trial

I'd like to try a Slumberdown. Please send me FREE colour brochure with details of sizes, prices and pretty coverslips—and how to get my two-week FREE TRIAL.

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To Send Direct Ltd., Department 521, 8, Alva Street, Edinburgh E2 4PL. Tel: 031-228 8041.

IN MY FASHION

SETTING THE FASHION

by Ernestine Carter



THIS WEEK building starts on the setting for the exhibition, *Fashion: An Anthology* by Cecil Beaton at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

There are several reasons why so much interest is focused on this exhibition. One is Beaton's magic name. Another is the Museum's growing reputation, under the adventurous direction of Mr John Pope-Hennessy, for dramatic installations. But the most important is that this exhibition constitutes, at long last, an official recognition of Fashion.

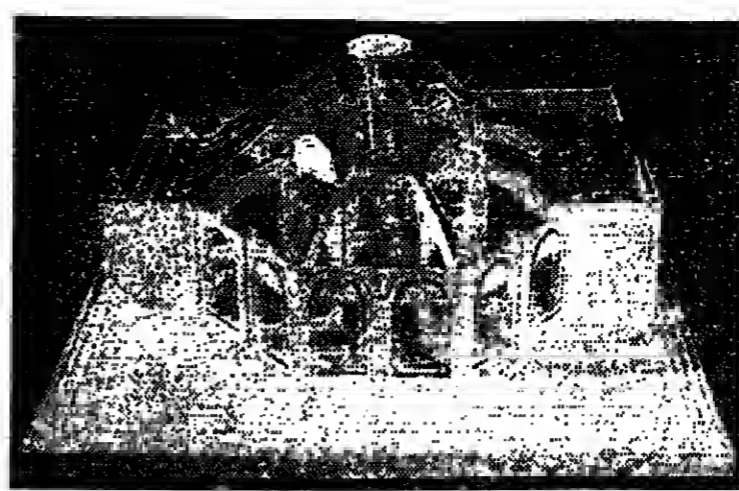
The setting has been designed by Michael Haynes. Mr Haynes, a very tall, first swam into our view when he was designing the Jaeger windows, his first full-time job after leaving Cammermish College of Art. In his ten years at the Regent Street shop he won for Jaeger the Regent Street (five times) and Daily Telegraph (three times) Window Display awards, as well as the Royal Society of Arts' Presidential Medal for Design Management.

He left Jaeger last year and almost at once was working on the exhibition "L'Idée et la Forme" at the Louvre in April. Mr Haynes was in charge of the fashion section. It was a natural progression that he should have been selected to install the exhibition at the V & A.

The problems facing him there are of a vastly different proportion to those at the Louvre. At the latter he had only 2 garments to display. At the V & A, there will be 275, which, with 47 hats, 50 pairs of shoes, jewelry and other accessories, bring the total items catalogued to 33.

The site is the Recent Religions Room, and within it Mr Haynes is erecting an octagon in Perspex, tent-roofed in strips of silver plastic. The central area of the octagon is two stories high which provides double display area—every inch of which will be needed as the exhibits pour into the bleak, airless rooms of the Museum which act as warehouses.

Mr Haynes chose Perspex because he has been creating pictures in this medium. Large in scale, dazzling in colour, with their counterpointing of right



Model for the setting designed by Michael Haynes for "Fashion: An Anthology" by Cecil Beaton opening at the Victoria and Albert Museum on October 13.



MICHAEL HAYNES

angles, squares and straight lines, they are like luminous versions of Louise Nevelson's walls.

Within the 14 days, roughly eight by seven foot each, Mr Haynes has devised different backgrounds to express the character of the clothes. For Schiaparelli, he has chosen a Dalí-esque landscape of desert and sky. For the jazzy 20s, he has asked Anthony Redmile for metal palm trees and ostrich eggs mounted on amethyst. For the romantic 30s, Mr Haynes has done a pastiche of the light-suffused, flower and tulip backgrounds of Mr Beaton's own photographs of that period.

For "Space Age" designers the decor is transparent Perspex. For the Dior clothes, Dior are recreating a Dior Salon in miniature. Mainbocher's sequinned evening dresses, are swagged into a glittering cascade. Balenciaga's magnificent cape

will be posed in front of a huge blow-up of a black-and-white photograph of Gaudí's famous church in Barcelona, the Sagrada Família.

For the Royal section, in which will be shown dresses given by the Queen Mother (Norman Hartnell), the Queen (Hardy Amies), Princess Anne (Susan Small), the Duchess of Kent (her wedding dress by John Cavanagh) and Princess Alexandra (Mary Donnan), Michael Szell has reproduced on white velvet the fabric he wore for the Investiture of the Prince of Wales.

Bowing to the influence of boutique fashions, one day will be divided between Mr Freedom and Biba, each providing their own strongly flavoured backgrounds.

Each designer's exhibits will have its aura of scent—"I think they should reek with perfume, like their Salons," says Mr Haynes. And to tease the ears as well as the nose, there will be music.

This is only a tiny scratch on the surface of the Perspex. But it gives an idea of how Mr Haynes is solving the problem of dramatising what could look like hard-gain day at Nieman-Marcus.

For the exhibition, it must be remembered, is not a definitive exhibition of fashion; it is, as it is called, "an Anthology," a personal assemblage of clothes from people whose taste Mr Beaton admires. Inevitably some designers are over-represented, others omitted. This means that the usual approaches to arranging such an exhibition (chronologically, or by designers or by countries) were out. Mr Haynes has sensibly plumped for drama.



Photograph by Barry Lategan

A PREVIEW OF ONE OF THE GREATEST COATS IN PARIS
from the Christian Dior-London collection which will be shown on Tuesday. Tent coat in black and white double wool tweed reversed to red, the fitted top flaring from a diagonal seam front and back. The close-fitting black velvet quilted hat, £16, the silver edged black earrings which match the coat buttons, £12.80, and the Dior-miss tights, 50p, are all from Christian Dior-London, 9 Conduit Street. The black patent shoes, £15.95, are from Kurt Geiger, 99 New Bond Street; the black patent bag, gold chained, £87, from Gucci, 172 New Bond Street.

MAGGIE NORTON says her clothes "are built with love." Not sentimental love but the love that a craftsman feels for his artefacts. Mrs Norton, her pale young face framed in Alice-in-Wonderland hair, her voice low and hurrying, breathes conviction. For her, "designing has been a slow progression," from a beginning as a cubist painter, on to collages, then murals and wall coverings. Shape was the thing that fascinated her and when she found she couldn't do sculpture, she turned to clothes.

Clothes, she believes, as she says "passionately," are as interesting and satisfying an art medium as any. Certainly in her hands they are. Another great interest is the theatre and during the 12 years she lived in Canada (while she was married to a Canadian) she became involved with two repertory theatres. "I've been called," she says, "an incorrigible theatrical romanticist. It's true. All my dreams are Traviatas."

Back in England, she settled in Cambridge where about a year ago she opened a shop at 94 Milton Road, which she called King's Parade, "because when you think of Cambridge, you think of King's Parade."

SKIRTS WITH A DIFFERENCE BY MAGGIE NORTON

Left, on fine black cotton rep, squares of green Victorian guipure lace frame yellow bows of patchwork flowers, each flower button-hole stitched in purple; belted in black mock wet croc backed in violet felt, £24. Black ribbed sleeveless polo necked sweater, £10. Centre, multi-coloured crochet squares outlined in white crochets open up to large purple silk buttons, £40. Brown ribbed polo necked sweater with matching long-johns, £20.50. Black suede wedge-heeled on-strap sandals, £14. Right, squares of different textured and patterned jerseys in red, green, pink, and blue, each banded in white cotton braid, some centred with puffy crochet flowers, their leaves and stalks of green felt; pale blue waistband, trimmed in white braid, centred with two crochet flowers, £40.

Maggie Norton skirts at Lucienne Phillips, 69 Knightsbridge, SW1. Sweaters, long-johns and sandals at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 113 New Bond Street, W1.

Drawings by Christian Benda

She picked Cambridge because East Anglia is rich in crafts. "It was all just waiting for me." In the fifties, Mrs Norton, born a MacNeill, had worked in Scotland helping to revive the home industries of the Highlands. Now, she says, she wants to prove that British craftsmen are "very much alive and kicking (even though most of mine are in their seventies) and that an ancient British cottage craft can be interpreted into something sophisticated."

This is what Sybil Connolly did for the Irish home industries in the fifties, transforming Irish lace, Irish linen and bairn into fashion. It is time someone started to do this here.

The voluntary organisations

which exist to promote home industries are strong on good will but often weak on design leadership, lacking in fashion guidance.

Mrs Norton sees what she does as "a fight against greyneess in the world." But her joyously coloured, intricately worked designs are more than that. They have the direct simplicity and beguiling charm of folk art, paintings on glass, patchwork quilts, stencilled floors, and yet they are of today.

You can find some of Mrs Norton's clothes at Lucienne Phillips in London, at Teresa Ryan in Chester, at La Boutique in Wirral, Cheshire, at Narcissa in New York, and, of course, at King's Parade.

Antartex Sheepskin ~naturally

Grace Macdonald shows style 23 in woolled lambskin, £43.

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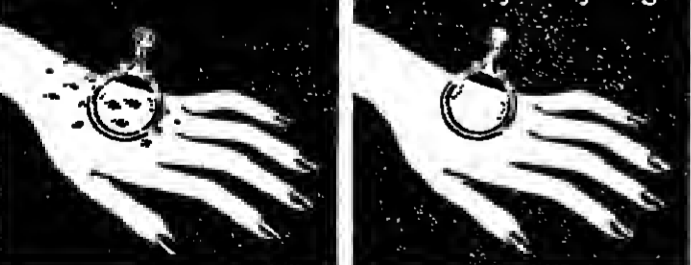
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Children's shoes: a fitting case for care

LOOK!

ARE YOU SURE your child is wearing the right shoes? Many are not, and some of them will be crippled in old age because of it.

Repeatedly, surveys of children's feet have shown how big the problem is. In one survey, in Somerset, it was found that six out of ten children had shoes too short—some by as much as five half-sizes, even in brand-new shoes. One in eight had stretch socks or shrunken socks doing so much damage as short shoes. One in ten had shoes too long; one in 20 were young girls wearing wildly unsuitable styles.

If an adult wears shoes that don't fit, he feels it. Not so a child. Bones don't knit until the age of 18 or so, and until then soft, gristle will distort and pressure, giving no pain until the foot sets in misshapen form. Children can wear shoes an inch short before complaining.

Why are so many children wearing shoes likely to do such injury? The chain of responsibility goes like this: Manufacturers fail to make shoes that can fit a variety of feet. Only three companies (Clarks, Startrite, Norvic) provide a choice of four widths in every size and half-size, yet two-thirds of children need non-average widths. Many companies don't make half-sizes.

Retailers often refuse to stock all sizes and widths, and will not send staff to be trained in fitting children. Some refuse to fit shoes on Saturdays and during sales.

Schools don't usually include shoes in their uniform regulations, and some permit even plimsolls to be worn all day. Mothers fail to check regularly whether shoes are outgrown, shop for shoes without taking the children to be fitted (mail-order buying is on the increase) and pass on misshapen shoes from an older child to a younger.

Children clamour for casuals or for adult styles, and refuse outright to wear laced or bar shoes. The Scouts Association has (in return for a royalty on sales) allowed its name to be associated with a range of shoes made by Bata that has no choice of widths. It sells them itself by mail order.

Can nothing be done? Local authorities' chiropodists are well placed to influence schools and, through them, children and parents. When Camden's chief chiropodist surveyed feet at a middle-class primary school, he was startled to find 25 per cent

of the children already had foot defects and 73 per cent were wearing shoes too short.

Camden is organising a parent-teacher meeting at the school at which the Society of Shoe Fitters will demonstrate the essentials of good fitting; teachers are getting project kits telling the foot health story; and the children themselves will receive drawing books specially prepared to drive the message home.

Few authorities attempt anything like this; and only one (Stirling) has a School Foot Health Service comparable with the School Dental Service.

Yet children's feet need checking even more regularly than their teeth. Feet grow in fits and starts; so the length of children's shoes should be checked every three months (re-pairs may have a shortening effect, too). To see if shoes are much too short, have the child stand (in his thickest socks) on a strip of cardboard or stiff paper

for sign on shop, badge or assistant, or certificate with his name on the wall. This guarantees skilled fitting, but not necessarily a wide choice of shoes. The Society requires completion of a nine-day course and the passing of an exam. It has 200 members.

Clarks: About 1,500 shops display a sign, indicating that they stock at least 600 pairs of Clarks shoes in a choice of widths, and have one or more assistants who have completed a two-day course (these are identified by badges). Startrite: About 700 shops carry their sign on similar conditions to Clarks, but the Startrite training course lasts three days. Badges and certificates displayed on walls identify trained fitters.

Norvic: 48 shops will soon be carrying their new sign. It means a stock of at least 575 pairs covering several widths, and staff who have had a three-day course in fitting, with badges and certificates to identify them.

But even when manufacturers, retailer and Mum are all organised to do their best for little Finna's feet, one person may still foul it all up: Fiona.

Harry Fisher, doyen of all children's shoe-fitters (he even insists on fitting socks at his Children's Shoe Centre in Hampstead Garden Suburb) says: "I'm appalled how little parents will stand up to their children today. They even ask three-year-olds which shoes they'd like, and I've had a child here who actually hit her grandmother for trying to get her into sensible shoes."

"One little girl asserted, 'They'd be much more comfortable if they were red.'"

To help parents, The Sunday Times has assembled an information pack available to readers who send an envelope at least 10in by 7in with a 7p stamp and clearly marked with their own address. These should be sent within 14 days to Children's Shoes, Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, WC9S 9YT. The packet includes authoritative independent material; catalogues of shoes available in a full range of sizes and widths; and lists of retailers with trained fitters.

INSIGHT
Consumer Unit

half an inch wide. Measure out a piece as long as the foot from heel to longest toe, cut it out and insert it in the shoe, pushing it up to the toe. There should be quarter of an inch of extra space in the shoe. Don't use this method with pointed shoes.

But even shoes long and wide enough may still be a bad fit. An inadequate hold round the instep or the ankle can cause the foot to slither about, pressing the toes against the shoe as crucially as if it were too short.

This is where skilled shoe-fitting comes in—or should. But of the tens of thousands of shoe-shop assistants in this country, fewer than one in 30 is fully trained.

To locate shops with a trained fitter, one can look out for various window signs, certificates on the walls or badges on staff, though what they signify is variable. Society of Shoe Fitters: Look



Owen Cunningham: a lifetime opening oysters

An expensive little fellow

WHILE the price of butter and Picasso paintings and boot-laces (Daddy, what are boot-laces?) has been escalating, even more extravagant demands have been made on the nation's mysterious classes. The season started last Wednesday and we found ourselves pushing 50 bob across the bar for a dozen of the best.

There was a time when "oysters were as common as the working classes as the beef tea handed out by the lady of the manor." An English writer touring England about 1850 in the wake of the famine observed that "the natives complain that they have to make do on oysters from the coasts, which are abundant."

In 1871 the best oyster a London restaurant could serve cost 1s 6d a dozen.

By 1900 they were 2s. By 1914 they were 3s and by the time the war was over they were, goddamit, 4s.

Just before the last war you paid 15s, perhaps a bit more, and the real boom came after the war when the swells were trying to recapture, in a time of austerity, glimpses of the old gracious liv-

ing, which is why we've come to this pass, 50 bob a dozen.

People like Owen Cunningham and Bernard Walsh, of Wheeler's and the Bentley brothers, the kings of the trade, aren't selling the strange little fellow as they used to, chiefly because their customers these days tend to eat a dozen and move on to another course. When Cunningham started as a boy he opened them at the rate of 300 or 400 an hour, and the gents didn't specify how many they were going to put back: "Just keep on opening them till I tell you to stop," was the order.

The young Cunningham himself used to consume as many as a hundred a day, in between opening them ("Just to taste," he says) so perhaps that's where he got his swaggy manner.

Another thing that's gone: the oyster cocktail, which was a dozen laced with Worcestershire sauce—a pick-up for the businessman on the way to the office with a lot of work and a bangover.

There was also a time when the glass of Guinness was thrown in free. Perhaps they should bring it back. **Allan Hall**

A progress of wines

THE FIFTH INSTANT CELLAR fulfils all the prerequisites: it contains an aperitif or anytime wine, an all-through-the-meal or first-course wine, a wine that will get better if you keep it and a wine that's delicious drinking now and worthy of any dinner party. It also so happens that all four of the current selection could be served in succession for a special occasion.

The planning of a progression of wines is always difficult. If you start with something magnificent, there may be a disappointment later. Should you serve a medium-sweet aperitif, then a bone-dry wine immediately after can taste horrid. If your pre-dinner drinks are spirit-based cocktails, then anything too delicate with the first course is lost upon the taste buds and, if, for a dinner, you have six or eight people around the table, should you have two wines or merely one bottle?

As a bottle yields merely six to eight glasses (your glasses are too small if you get more), and as there is nothing more bar sinister than the prospect of supplies running out, I'd have thought two bottles per dinner a minimum. After all, you can always drink up the remainder the following day or while doing the washing up.

The cellar gives you a case of 12 bottles:

Three bottles of Asti Martini, which I consider to be an excellent example of sparkling wine "grapey," easy to like, the fruitiness of the Moscato grape welcome when one is tired or jaded—and a wine for ices, fruit or even pudding if you haven't served it as the aperitif.

Three bottles of white Anjou, Clos de Cimonelle. This is another fruity wine but with a



dry finish, useful for anytime drinking. You could serve it with first courses after the Asti or all through a light or simple meal. Three bottles of bourgeois claret, Chateau Roussele 1967, from the Cotes de Bourg. If you can keep this it will get even better. As it is, this is the kind of "little" claret that shrivels wine merchants know how to buy at which the British can still afford to drink, even while the price of classed growths soars. It is very much a luncheon or supper wine, or as the first claret at an important dinner.

Three bottles of Chateau Beycheville 1968, chateau-bottled. This wine is from one of the great classed growths of the Medoc, and a claret that enjoys huge popularity in Britain. But it is also from a year in which the bad weather washed out the wines of many of the great estates. Beycheville are adroit at making wine, however, and this is an admirable example of a wine that can give great pleasure for drinking now.

The "off vintages" of the great properties are always fascinating to those who know wine and this would be delicious for an important luncheon, or as the second red wine—the rather delicate aristocrat—after the sturdy character of the Roussele.

These wines would cost you about £13.15 if you bought them in the ordinary way, but for Instant Cellar No 5 they are available, delivered free of charge in the UK, for £11.10.

To order, send a remittance (this must accompany the order) for £11.10 to Stovells of Chelsea, Lower Tuffley, Gloucester. You can ask for a list to accompany your order, but, as these Instant Cellars are specially arranged for The Sunday Times, changes in the wines cannot be made. It is regretted that the merchants cannot enter into correspondence about the wines (but with each case there is a detailed set of tasting notes by myself).

Because of the numbers of those who order, the Instant Cellars may take longer to reach readers than they—and the supplier—would wish, but despatch of the cases is arranged as rapidly as possible.

Pamela Vandye Price

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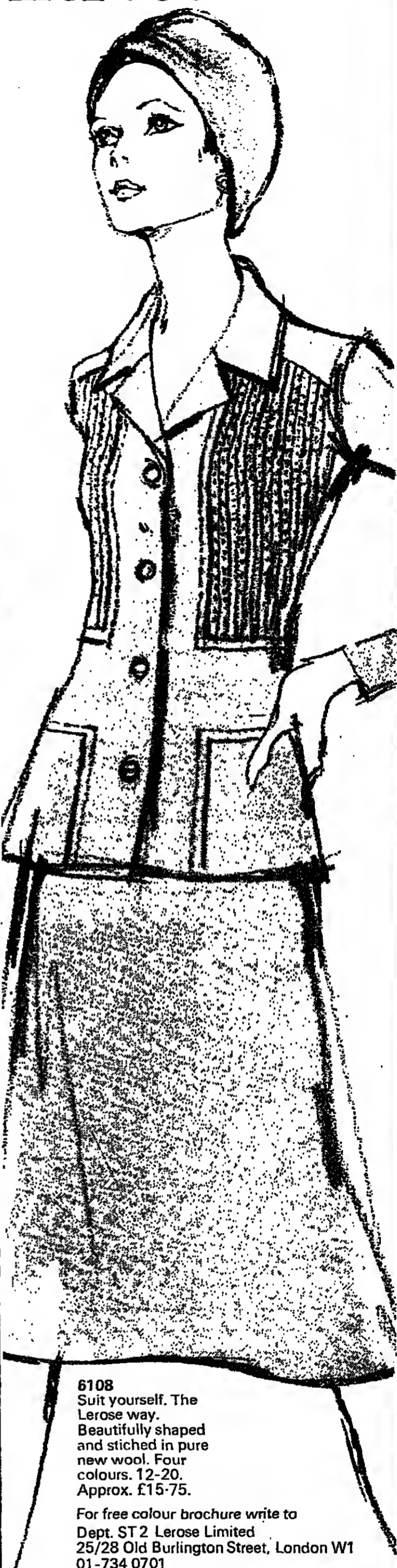
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Appointments for Women

Opportunities for Women

The Challenge of the 70's

MAX FACTOR LTD. require Area Sales Supervisors for their Beauty Consultant Force in all part of the U.K.

Each Supervisor will be responsible for Beauty Consultants in Departmental Stores and leading Chemists within their area.

The successful applicants will receive a salary commensurate with their responsibilities.

Business ladies with previous experience in sales and sales administration within a fashion orientated fast moving consumer goods Company, preferably Cosmetic, aged 28-45, should write asking for an application form to

Elaine Sunderland, Group Personnel Administrator, P.O. Box 3, Bourneville, Birmingham B11 8NZ.

OFFICE OF POPULATION SURVEY DIVISION

INTERVIEWERS

There are vacancies in most of the major cities and towns in the West Midlands.

Previous experience is not essential but a minimum of 1 year's experience in a similar position is required.

For further details and application forms, please write to the Director of the Office of Population Survey, Division, 1, The Quadrant, London W1A 0AA.

AN UNUSUAL POSITION for a good lady driver. We offer a salary of £100 per week.

Business Opportunities

NEW DISCOTHEQUE FOR SALE, SPAIN

SPARE TIME INCOME

TO OWNERS OF SMALLER BUSINESSES

COOK-INN

STOP!

BUILD A BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL

FOR BUS, ADDRESS & OFFICE FACILITIES

ANIMALS AND BIRDS

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She's dishy, dynamic, and her drive's terrific

she doesn't just know about data preparation... she can sell it.

This is our current ideal woman, and she's worth around £2,000 a year, and a sports car to us.

We want this attractive, intelligent live-wire to be responsible for selling our data preparation services to computer users in London and the South East.

We're one of the country's leading bureaux (solely paper tape), so she can go business-getting with absolute confidence in the service she's selling.

If she has some good contacts we'll love her all the more, but primarily she'll have all the modern sales techniques at her fingertips, having proved that selling's her job. We offer a fantastic salary (preferably 24-30) a sensible basic salary plus a really substantial commission, so that her earnings can reach £2,000 or more. On top of that she'll get expenses and an all-elegance, all-eyes-on-you Triumph sports car.

If you think your girl ring 01-903 4901 and ask for Rod Evans. Could be he'll like the sound of you and arrange an interview.

Mounsey & Partners, (RE/ST), York House, Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex.

WINE AND SPIRITS

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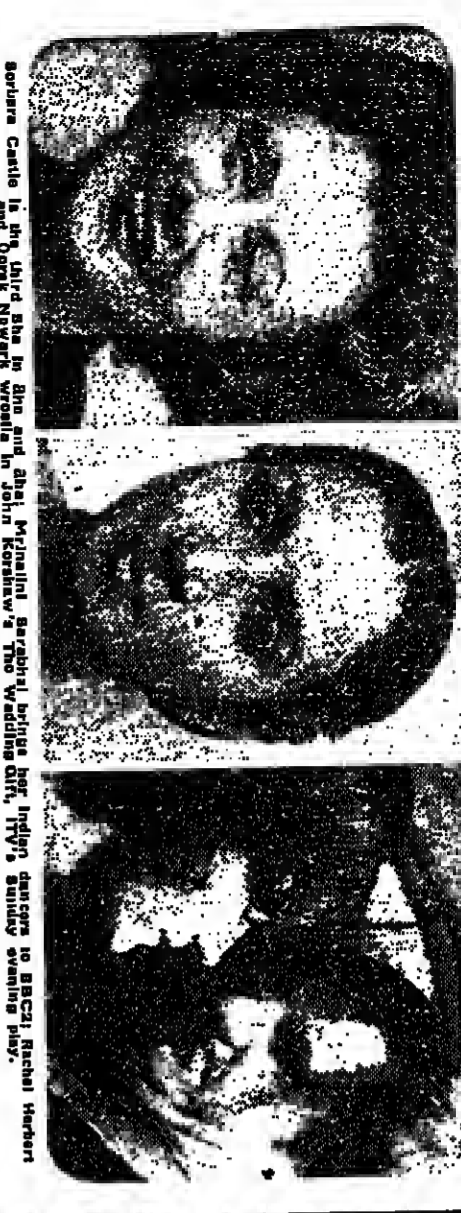
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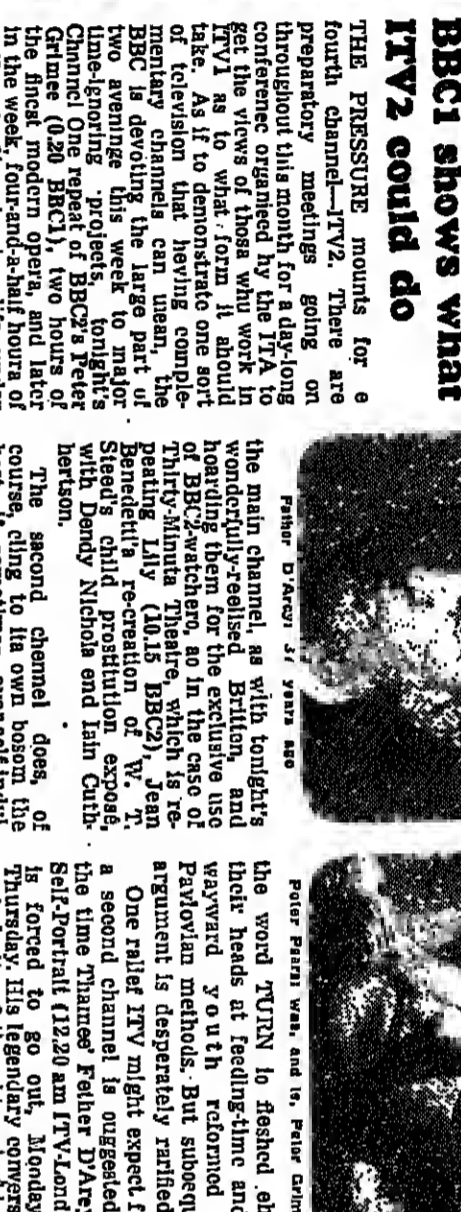
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TODAY BBC1



ITV



MONDAY

BBC1 shows what ITV2 could do

THE PRESSURE mounts for a fourth channel—ITV2. There are already four channels on the air, and the BBC has just launched its new channel, BBC2. The pressure is on ITV to launch its own second channel, ITV2, to compete with the BBC's new offering.

TUESDAY

Brownskin girls stay at home

FAR AND AWAY the best programme of the night is another of the usual Survival Series, Brownskin. It is a documentary about the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

WEDNESDAY

Autumn is lemmings in

THE SWANER is ending—often, it is the end of the world. This is the theme of the new series, Autumn is lemmings in, which explores the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

9.00-9.30 Nat Zindagi Nava Jeevan, Indian and Pakistani. 10.30-11.30 Morning Service from Glasgow, Scotland. 12.00-1.00 The Big Match, a football match between Scotland and England.

THE concept of an alternative channel, as removed from day-to-day, week-by-week routine television has taken some time to convince the BBC. It is now, however, a reality. The BBC has launched its new channel, BBC2, which will offer a different kind of programming.

As for the much-boosted Resurgence, this was a relative handful until the war was underway. Now, however, it is a major force. The Resurgence is a collection of programmes that focus on the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

of the year, and a whole night has been cleared for it. The Resurgence is a collection of programmes that focus on the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

7.55 Darts, Army, baroque. 12.30-1.00 Open University, forum. 1.50-6.30 Cuckoo, Worcestershire. 7.00 News Review, special comment.

THURSDAY Why the cavalier is laughing. THE VAGABONDS of fashion may be on the march, but the cavalier is still laughing. The cavalier is a man who is not concerned with the latest fashion trends.

FRIDAY A long night of nasty truth. NO COUNTRY ever had such a long night of nasty truth. The night is a collection of programmes that focus on the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

Whatsoever happened to June? LAST SUMMER we ran a picture of the girl in the picture. The girl was June, and she was the daughter of a famous actor.

10.00 News, Robert Douglas, weather. 10.15 Omnibus at the Proms, National Youth Orchestra's much-praised performance of the Proms.

10.15 Omnibus at the Proms, National Youth Orchestra's much-praised performance of the Proms. The orchestra is led by a famous conductor.

DAYTIME CHOICE Half the TUC better than none? QUOTE who wants to watch the TUC. The TUC is a collection of programmes that focus on the lives of the indigenous people of the Amazon rainforest.

Whatsoever happened to June? LAST SUMMER we ran a picture of the girl in the picture. The girl was June, and she was the daughter of a famous actor.

11.05 News, Robert Douglas, weather. 11.15 Omnibus at the Proms, National Youth Orchestra's much-praised performance of the Proms.

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